

THE PATRIOT;

A POEM,

BY A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD,

John Corey.

Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;
And for our Country 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his Nation safe, his Children free ;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;
His own brave Friends shall glory in his fate ;
His Wife live honour'd, all his Race succeed,
And late Posterity enjoy the deed !

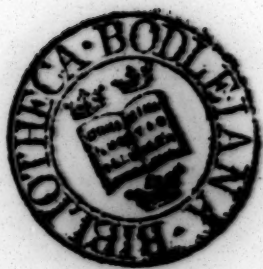
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1798.



TO
EARL STANHOPE,

MY LORD,

I respectfully dedicate **THE PATRIOT** to you, and I hope that, notwithstanding the defects of the Poem, the celebrity of your Name will preserve it from oblivion.

After having evinced your Patriotism to the World by your Integrity in the Senate, it must be pleasing to every worthy mind to know, that your Exertions for the good of Society continue unremitting.

Your Improvements in the Arts and Sciences, most conducive to the Happiness of the Community, dignify your Retirement; and those Works of your inventive and beneficent Genius will immortalize your Name.

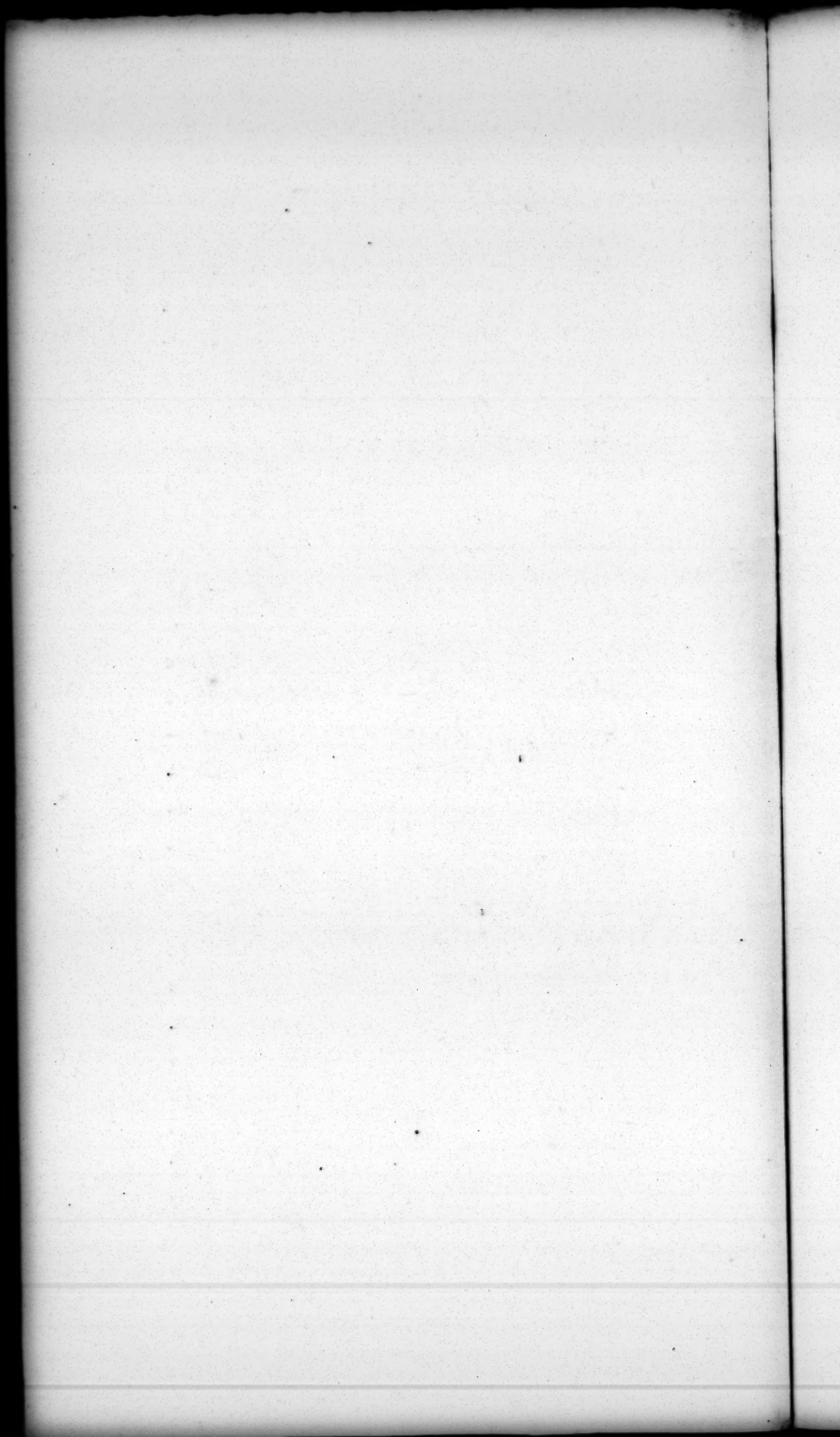
I am, My Lord, with that lively Esteem which your civic Virtue merits,

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

In

ARGUMENT.

Ireland described.—Amusements of the Natives—Cormac.—Ellen.—Cormac ascends a Mountain and descends the Danish Fleet.—He descends.—Alarms the Villagers, and dispatches Couriers to the Interior to inform his Countrymen of the Invasion.—Terror and grief of the Women.—Parting of Cormac and Ellen.—Speech of Brian to the Warriors.—They march to the Shore.—The Fleet of the Danes.—Orfar their General.—Episode of Orfar and Evah.—Morning.—The Danes land.—Speech of Orfar.—The Irish troops hasten from different parts of the country, and are arranged by their Chiefs.—The Bards.—Ode in which Connal urges his countrymen to action.—Ardour of the Irish Army.—The Battle.—Bravery of Orfar.—Courage and patriotism of Cormac, who rallies the routed Irish, and leads them again to battle.—Cormac and Orfar engage in single combat.—Orfar slain.—The Danes fly, and are pursued to their boats by the Irish.—Cormac is carried wounded from the field.—Brian from a hill sees Cormac lie wounded, and hastens down. Cormac dies.—The Irish Army carry the wounded off the field of battle.—The Bards celebrate the Victory.—The Women descend from the Mountains.—Grief of Ellen.—She dies.—The Army repose during the Night, and next Morning bury the dead.—Dirge at the grave of Cormac and Ellen.—The Poem concludes with Connal's Exhortation to the Army.



THE PATRIOT.

BLESS'D with the sweet security of Peace,
The Sons of *Erin* saw their wealth encrease;
Ten years had pass'd, since the ambitious *Dane*
Defy'd their dauntless ardour on the plain.
Along the shore vast headlands high display'd
Their curves, in morning's purple robe array'd;
And there the light of ev'ning ling'ring shone
On the wild peak, to vent'rous sailors known.
Oft on the summits, darksome vapours roll'd
Their forms grotesque, whence, dreadful to behold,

Impetuous light'nings rent the smoaking trees!
While thunder's voice swell'd dreadful in the
breeze;

But, when unclouded smil'd the summer's skies,
Distant the various forms amus'd the eyes.
Here swell'd high summits, tow'ring like a cone;
There, pond'rous cliffs, by time's strong hand
o'erthrown,

Hung

Hung o'er the precipice—the eagle there
 Built her rude nest, and breath'd the purest air.
 Green woods adorn'd the mountain's sloping side,
 There sunny lawns were rob'd in Nature's pride;
 From gushing fountains, shining streamlets play'd
 Down the rough steep, in many a clear cascade,
 With tuneful murmurs mingling in the plain,
 In bounteous rivers winding to the main.
 Expansive lakes in wavy beauty flow'd,
 And to the vales unfailing brooks bestow'd;
 Along their banks young shepherds fed their flocks,
 While goats far-wand'ring brows'd on woody
 rocks;

There, lurking wolves sprung on their heedless
 prey,
 And nimbly bore the bleeding prize away.
 Gentle and tender as the guileless dove,
 The beauteous Women charm'd the heart with
 love!

The Men reliev'd, with hospitable hand,
 The shipwreck'd stranger cast upon their land;
 But if with hostile arms they fought the shore,
 Free *Erin's* sand was moisten'd with their gore.
 In manly sports along the level green,
 Each summer's eve, the active youth were seen.
 They wrestle, leap, or throw the shining dart,
 In sportive fight they learn the martial art;
 On their small shields receive the well-aimed blow,
 While in their hearts heroic ardours glow.

Their

Their swords keen-edged and pointed for the fight,
 Which their bold fathers, with victorious might,
 Aim'd like descending lightning on the *Dane*!
 Now glitter'd harmless o'er the peaceful plain.
 The chase heroic *Cormac* lov'd, whose art
 Sent with unerring aim the pointed dart;
 Oft in the vales he train'd the youthful band,
 The living bulwark of their native land:
 Belov'd and honour'd, thus he pass'd his days,
 And from the hoary Bards oft heard his praise.
Ellen, the sweetest of *Ierne's* maids,
 Smil'd like the Genius of her native shades!
 In perfect symmetry, her youthful form
 Luxuriant shone, with vital spirits warm;
 Her face, expressive of her blameless mind,
 Bloom'd with the fairest hues of health combin'd;
 Her dark-blue eyes, where love and pity smil'd
 In fairest light! express'd her temper mild;
 Redundant flow'd her shining light-brown hair,
 Adown her graceful neck, and bosom fair;
 While thro' the veil the living beauties rise,
 Through parting clouds the moon thus cheers our
 eyes.

Young *Cormac* the delightful virgin lov'd,
 And his fond vows her feeling heart approv'd.
 Four genial moons their varying lights had shed,
 Since his lov'd consort grac'd the nuptial bed;
 One morn, with spirits lively as the breeze,
 Blithe *Cormac* climb'd a mountain 'mid the trees;
 Light-

Light-arm'd, his polish'd darts the wolves arrest,
 And lively pleasure fills his throbbing breast;
 'Till panting with fatigue and noontide heat,
 Beneath a cliff he finds a shady seat.
 To the wide main he turns his curious eyes,
 And thinks he sees small floating clouds arise;
 But viewed attentively, they soon appear
 A num'rous fleet, which tow'rd *Ierne* steer.
 Awhile he gazes on the coming storm,
 And gen'rous passions his brave bosom warm:
 His wife—his kindred—and his native land,
 His love and kind solicitude demand.
 The lofty precipice he now descends,
 And with commanding voice convenes his friends:
 " My Countrymen! the *Danes* approach our coast—
 " To arms!—repel the foe—or all is lost!
 " Let swiftest messengers the tidings bear,
 " To bid the distant villagers prepare.
 " With active zeal, my fellow-soldiers, arm,
 " While *Erin's* horns the villages alarm."
 Swift at his word the nimble couriers fly,
 His village brethren, with a martial cry,
 Proclaim their ardour, and their leader hail!—
 The women, with surprize and terror pale,
 Alarm'd, and trembling, hear the boist'rous sound,
 Which all the neighb'ring woods and hills rebound;
 They clasp their children with a fond embrace,
 And all prepare to leave the dang'rous place.

The

The aged men, and striplings immature,
 With eager haste the herds and flocks secure,
 Together driven, to a distant glen,
 By mountains hid, and seldom trod by men;
 With them, the mothers, maids, and children fly,
 With tearful eyes, and many a mournful sigh.
 Yet, 'ere they go, they bid a fond adieu
 To their defenders! who, arrang'd to view,
 In order stood, with helmets, spears, and shields,
 While fading twilight glimmer'd o'er the fields.
 Sons—Husbands—Lovers—form'd the little train!
 Who heard, with sorrowing hearts, their friends
 complain:

'Till *Cormac*, leader of the valiant band,
 Repress'd their wailings with a mild command:
 " Forbear those sounds of woe, (the Hero said,)
 " You know our glorious ancestors oft bled,
 " To keep the lovely vales of *Erin* free,
 " And shield their beauteous women's chastity;
 " Then why unman my fellow-soldiers here,
 " With foolish wailings, and the dropping tear?
 " No—rather rouse your countrymen to arms!
 " To guard from foreign violence your charms."
 He paus'd—then upwards turn'd his sparkling
 eyes,

And thus address'd the Pow'r who rules the skies:
 " GUARDIAN OF ERIN! to thy creatures lend
 " Thy potent aid, by which we will defend

" Our

" Our native Island from a foreign foe,
 " That comes our social comforts to o'erthrow."
 He ceas'd—and from the village now appears
 A mournful maiden, trembling with her fears :
 " Oh! *Cormac*—haste," she cries, " thy *Ellen* fair
 " Now tears, with frantic hand, her graceful hair;
 " Haste, haste to comfort her afflicted mind,
 " Nor leave thy darling in despair behind!"
 The youthful Warrior to his *Ellen* flies;
 The weeping women then renew their cries.
 Now *Cormac* at his native cot arrives,
 His well-known voice his fainting spouse revives,
 Prone at his feet the weeping fair—one fell,
 And clasp'd the knees of him she lov'd so well!
 " Ah! whither would'st thou go!—my guardian,
 stay,
 " Nor leave me here to certain death a prey;
 " Soul of my life! thou dearer than my breath!
 " I never—never can survive thy death!
 " And well I know the ardour of thy mind,
 " Intent on glorious deeds, to danger blind,
 " Will o'erwhelm thee in the gulph of fate,
 " And leave me here in a defenceless state!"
 Convulsive sobs her failing voice suppress'd,
 And dropping tears impearl'd her beauteous breast;
 In wild disorder flow'd her auburn hair,
 And cloudy grief o'ercast her aspect fair.
 Her husband slowly rais'd her in his arms,
 And to his fighting bosom clasp'd those charms,
Which

Which ne'er again shall bless his eager sight!
 No more her dulcet voice his ears delight!
 No more her eyes, mild-beaming purest love,
 With extacy his thrilling bosom move!
 No more her social virtues warm his heart—
 The moment's come—they must forever part!
 "My dearest *Ellen*! why this useless woe?
 "Thy *Cormac* must repel th' invading foe;
 "Our Island claims her sons' protecting care,
 "For her the iron mail of war I wear!
 "And guarding her, my much-lov'd friends I free
 "From slavish fears and *Danish* tyranny.
 "Remember, Love! how in our youthful state,
 "I snatch'd my *Ellen* from the jaws of fate;
 "When the fell wolf my charming girl pursu'd,
 "With glaring eyes, and tusks distain'd with blood;
 "While on the wings of fear my darling fled,
 "My rapid dart tranfix'd his horrid head!
 "Thus shall the cruel *Danes* before us fall,
 "Nor by their prowess *Erin's* Sons enthrall.
 "Adieu, my dearest Love!"—he sighing said,
 At the afflicting sounds her spirits fled,
 And fainting, life seem'd ready to depart,
 So much conflicting passions rent her heart.
 Recover'd, by her kind attendants' care,
 She for her sad departure must prepare.
 Now *Brian* comes to view his native band,
 Where on a little hill in arms they stand.

Oft had he labour'd in the field of fight,
 And deeds of glory were his chief delight;
 Tho' age had long relax'd his weaken'd arm,
 His animating eloquence could warm;
 And while the moon ascends above the main,
 He thus harangues the patriotic train:
 " My Countrymen! I hope you'll soon o'erthrow,
 " By brave exertions, *Erin's* ancient foe;
 " A& like your fathers, and the *Danes* expel,
 " Then Liberty and Peace with you will dwell.
 " This feeble arm of mine, once young and strong,
 " Atchiev'd bold feats, that live in sacred song;
 " The leader of your fathers I have been,
 " And toil'd with them in many a dreadful scene.
 " My *Cormac's* now your Chief, by gen'ral choice,
 " In battle still obey his lofty voice;
 " The martial art, I taught my only son,
 " In open field the ambuscade to shun;
 " With steady valour to attack the foe,
 " And strike a powerful, decisive blow! [crown
 " A& so—and may kind Heav'n with conquest
 " Your arms, and sacred Bards chaunt your renown."
 With chearful shouts the youth their zeal express,
 While *Brian* breathes a pray'r for their success.
 By *Cormac* led, the noble-minded train
 March to the shore, despising death and pain!
 There join'd by num'rous bands, encamp'd they
 sleep,
 Lull'd by the hollow murmurs of the deep;

While

While sentries, plac'd along the shelly strand,
 With watchful vigilance attentive stand.
 Contiguous to the shore, at anchor lay
 The Fleet, secur'd by the protecting bay:
 Thirty large ships a dreadful line compose,
 O'er which the moon her silver radiance throws;
 In each, one hundred chosen warriors lie
 Asleep, 'till rosy morn illumines the sky.
Orfar, the leader of the hardy host,
 In war was frozen *Denmark's* fav'rite boast;
 Inur'd from infancy to toils of war,
 The love of glory gain'd him many a scar:
 In conflict with the *Swede*, and *Russian* dire,
 Their fiercest warriors fell beneath his ire.
 Triumphant, with the army he return'd,
 And for preferment his proud bosom burn'd;
 This *Canute* gave, amid the sons of fame,
 He grac'd young *Orfar* with a General's name,
 Retain'd him at the Court, where *Evah's* eyes
 Made the imperious hero's heart her prize.
Evah, the only child of *Denmark's* King,
 Was fair as the sweet rose-bud of the spring!
 In her meek aspect, and fine form pourtray'd,
 Shone the perfection of a beauteous maid.
 Ambition warm'd young *Orfar*, and his mind,
 Pleas'd with the present, to the future blind,
 Urg'd the bold deed—the Princess he address'd,
 And wild surprize assail'd her panting breast:
 With

With secret passion for the youth she pin'd,
 And now fond rapture overwhelm'd her mind;
 With mien confus'd, and blush of rosy light,
 She look'd enchanting to the hero's sight;
 Her modest graces triumph'd o'er his breast,
 Fault'ring, he love's persuasive vows express'd.
 His graceful form—his eyes, where valour's fire
 Was blended with the beams of fond desire,
 Prevail'd—and sighing, trembling with her fears,
 She own'd her love, with eyes suffus'd with tears!
 Alas! those tears were ominous of death!
 Soon must thy favour'd *Orfar* yield his breath!
 By *Canute* summon'd, 'mid approving friends,
 To know his master's will he now attends.
 The Monarch spoke—"Thou, *Orfar*, must pre-
 pare -

"T'invade the island fann'd by western air;
 " *Ierne*, where our warriors oft have bled,
 " Or, vanquish'd by the natives, swiftly fled.
 " Atchieve this conquest, and I promise here,
 " And, by my Regal sceptre, I'm sincere!
 " Whatever favour *Canute* can bestow,
 " Shall be thy meed, victorious o'er the foe."
 He ceas'd; and *Orfar* bow'd before the throne,
 " One favour I entreat, and one alone;
 " This granted, fair *Ierne* shall be thine,
 " Tho' all her sons to guard the isle combine."
 " I'll grant it, *Orfar*!" the glad King reply'd;
 " Then let the lovely Princess be my bride."

The

The Monarch paus'd—revolving in his mind
 The various dangers that await mankind;
 The Gen'ral's peril of the sea and field,
 At length persuaded him assent to yield.
 He rose—with *Orfar* to a room retir'd,
 Where sat the Royal maid, by all admir'd;
 She heard the terms, on which *Ierne's* isle
 Must yield submissive to the warrior's toil;
 With blushing modesty she gave consent,
 And trembling from her father's presence went,
 The General then retir'd, with lively joy!
 Review'd the army eager to destroy!
 The troops were soon embark'd along the shore,
 Where foaming billows break with hollow roar.
 'Ere *Orfar* sail'd, he hastily withdrew,
 To bid his lovely Princess an adieu!
 He found her weeping in a fragrant bow'r,
 Her beauties drooping, like a rain-beat flower!
 The hero fondly seated by her side,
 From her fair face the drops of sorrow dry'd;
 A transient smile her mournful eyes illum'd,
 And on her cheek the rose of beauty bloom'd!
 Thus, sudden sunshine nature beautifies,
 And breaks the cloud that o'er the landscape lies;
 Her hope was cherish'd of his safe return,
 And fondly cheer'd, awhile she ceas'd to mourn!
 But, when her lover slowly rose to go,
 Her pleasures were bedimn'd by gloomy woe;

B

She

She prefs'd the youthful hero to her breast,
 And sigh'd her sorrow, not to be express'd!
 Alas! alas! it was a last embrace!
 Their mingling tears flow'd plenteous down each
 face;
 A parting kiss gave *Orfar* to the tomb,
 And gave to wasting sorrow *Evah's* bloom!
 The Gen'ral went on board, the hoisted sails
 Were spread to intercept the flying gales;
 Which with impulsive power, along the main,
 To peaceful *Erin* bore the hostile train.
 Now rosy morn appears, encreasing light
 Effulgent rises o'er the mountain's height:
 To their dark dens the howling wolves retire,
 The glorious Morning's beams the birds inspire
 With joy, sweet warbled from the leafy grove,
 While chearful larks ascending sing above.
 No early footstep marks the dewy green,
 No playful lamb, nor grazing ox are seen;
 The flowing tide rolls on with hollow roar,
 The sparkling waves that dash the rocky shore;
 And screaming sea-fowl skim the swelling tide,
 Where near the land the ships at anchor ride.
 The bold invaders in their boats descend,
 And row to land, where soon they must contend
 With *Erin's* Sons—along the spacious strand,
 Form'd by their chiefs in order'd ranks, they stand.
 Fierce *Orfar* views the lines with skilful eyes,
 Excites to victory, and shews the prize:

“ Brave

" Brave *Danes*," he cries, " behold the beauteous scene!

" See! ev'n the highest mountains rob'd in green;

" Rich is this blissful isle, and mild the clime,

" Here earth bestows her fruits in perfect prime;

" And shall yon timid bands their isle defend?

" Your vet'ran valour will their force transcend;

" Like a short blaze their courage will expire,

" Like fearful deer the dastards will retire.

" Gain but this battle, and the isle is our's,

" Its cultur'd fields, and fair Elysian bow'rs!

" We sail'd from *Denmark's* bleak and barren shore,

" Thro' stormy seas, *Ierne* to explore;

" And oft ye murmur'd at the kind decree

" That sent us hither, o'er the spacious sea.

" Of all your toils, behold the rich reward,

" Nor think the painful task of conflict hard.

" Ere yon bright sun bestows his noontide light,

" We'll be victorious in the glorious fight;

" Then yon thin ranks shall vanquish'd vassals bend,

" And their fair women at our feasts attend!"

With chearful shouts the *Danes* their Gen'ral hail,

And the loud sounds fly on the morning gale.

The Irish warriors *Cormac's* voice obey,

He rouses them to arms with rising day;

And down the distant hills for many a mile,

Erin's brave youth descend to guard their isle.

Assembled near the foe, in arms they stand,
 The bands obedient to their chief's command.
 Two thousand men in arms, elate, and brave,
 Resolv'd to march to conquest, or the grave!
 The chiefs in silence on the *Bards* await,
 Who, rob'd in white, approach in solemn state:
 In the left hand the tuneful harp they bear,
 And wave the right, the warriors to prepare;
 While *Connal*, chief of Bards, begins the strain,
 To animate with zeal the warlike train.
 He views the sparkling lustre of their eyes,
 And his sweet voice bids ardent valour rise!

O D E.

Erin's hope! my soul's delight!
 Now attack your country's foe;
 Let them feel your manly might,
 Lay the bold invaders low.
 Oft your fathers met the *Dane*,
 With victorious grasp in fight;
 And along the crimson'd plain,
 Clos'd their eyes in endless night.
 Firmly face the pointed lance,
 Broken on the guarding shield;
 Like a torrent still advance,
 And with slaughter fill the field.
 If like cowards ye retreat,
 And your native isle betray,
 Infamy and chains await
Erin's hapless sons this day.

Think

Think how the rapacious foe
 Would your women violate;
 And the happiness o'erthrow
 Of your peaceful, social state.
 Think of Liberty enjoy'd,
 Now in danger to be lost!
 Rouse! O! rouse your martial pride,
 When ye face the *Danish* host!
 Now defend your children dear,
 Parents—Women—Native Isle!
 Banish every trembling fear,
 Then shall conquest on you smile!
 In firm ranks repel the *Dane*,
 Charge them in old *Erin's* name!
 Where your fires have often slain
 Their selectest sons of fame.

With shouts the warriors interrupt his song,
 And dreadful on the foe they pour along!
 The *Danes* await them, eager to engage,
 And hostile ranks now close with cruel rage.
 As some volcano, from its bursting side,
 Emits a fiery torrent on the tide;
 Down flames the burning flood with horrid noise,
 Impell'd by storm the adverse surges rise;
 'Till mix'd in conflict on the quaking shore,
 Those elements contend with awful roar!
 So join the furious armies, fierce and loud,
 And o'er the plain ascends a dusty cloud.

The

The Sons of *Erin*, ardent, valiant, fierce,
 The thickest ranks of their opponents pierce ;
 The wary enemy, inur'd to fight,
 Surround their bands, and frowning like the night,
 Imperious *Orsar*, Gen'ral of their host,
 Slays *Erin's* heroes on their native coast.
 High on the gilded helm that guards his head,
 Three sable plumes their waving beauty spread ;
 His well-tri'd shield repels each hostile dart,
 And sanguine vengeance fills his fearless heart.
 New to the fight, the gallant *Cormac* views
 Where war with mangled men the plain bestrews ;
 He sees his countrymen by danger press'd,
 And all THE PATRIOT rouses in his breast !
 Swift as a whirlwind on the foe he flies,
 The hapless *Dane* who meets his weapon, dies !
 His wife ! his country ! nerve his manly arm,
 He life contemns to guard them free from harm ;
 With ev'ry blow he strikes new ardours rise,
 And warlike lustre fills his eager eyes.
 The Sons of *Erin*, weak with breathless toil,
 Shrink—while their smoking blood distains the
 foil ;
 With frantic shouts they fly, and wild dismay,
 With tenfold horror, fills their disarray !
 The furious *Danes* their broken bands pursue,
 And in their gushing lives their hands imbrue.
 Fierce *Cormac* with indignant soul retires,
 And, ralli'd on a hill, the troops inspires

With

With love of Liberty:—" Alas ! my friends,

" This fatal day our country's Freedom ends!

" Ne'er in our vales shall joyful sounds be heard;

" By our ferocious conquerors deterr'd;

" Tim'rous as deer, our youth their neck shall
bend

" Beneath the yoke—and *Erin's* glory end!

" Oh! think how oft yon woody hills have rung,

" When tuneful Bards the bold atchievements
fung

" Of our brave ancestors, who Freedom lov'd,

" And in the field of war their valour prov'd!

" And shall *We* fly? ah! shall we tamely yield

" Our country's rights, nor our dear kindred shield

" From rapine, violation, death, and chains,

" Shall our best friends be vassals to the *Danes*?

" No!—firmly grasp your swords, one effort try,

" For our lov'd isle we'll conquer, or we'll die."

Encourag'd thus, the hardy ranks again

Descend with rapid fury to the plain;

• Like the red lightning, *Cormac's* blood-stain'd
sword

Destroy'd the *Danes*, and *Erin's* hope restor'd.

The *Danish* troops, inur'd to scenes of death,

Condense their ranks, and rouse their utmost
wrath;

Their sable shields in front they firmly bear,

Of the fierce *Irish* energy aware.

Ierne's

Jerne's Sons impetuously assail
 This formidable phalanx, and prevail ;
 The broken ranks before the victors fly,
 And mingled groans and shouts ascend the sky.
 A forest thus resists a sudden blast,
 But the encreasing storm prevails at last ;
 Uproots the strongest trees, with dreadful noise,
 And all the beauty of the scene destroys !
 Amid the carnage of the dreadful fight,
 Intrepid *Orfar*, fill'd with martial might,
 Repels the *Irish*, aided by his men,
 And seeming conquest crowns his arms again.
 Young *Cormac*, breathless with incessant toil,
 Leans on a rock, and sees his native soil
 With mangled carcases of men bestrew'd ;
 Sees *Orfar's* hands in *Irish* blood imbru'd,
 Hears his majestic voice to conquest call,
 And sees his native youth before him fall !
 Enrag'd, he rouses all the ardent fire
 That Freedom and his country's cause inspire.
 He cheers the leaders of *Jerne's* bands,
 Who hear with ready zeal his wise commands.
 " My friends," the patriotic hero cries,
 " This hour, fierce *Orfar*, or your Gen'ral dies !
 " Unconquer'd still, our native land defend,
 " Destroy the *Danes*, and all your dangers end."
 Ardent he spoke---and with undaunted mien,
 Seeks *Orfar*, glorious in the deathful scene,
 Who

Who his approaching foe with joy espies,
 And kindling vengeance sparkles in his eyes.
 With blood-stain'd swords the rival chiefs engage,
 Inspir'd with all the force of valour's rage ;
 Both love and glory stimulate their ire,
 Those grand incitements now at once conspire
 To whet their courage in the gen'rous strife,
Cormac defends his country, and his wife ;
 And *Orfar* is impell'd by valour's flame,
 To win a princess, and the wreath of fame !
 Active and strong, their keen-edg'd blades they
 wield,

And their warm blood pours plenteous on the field ;
 Their helmets and their shields in pieces hewn,
 They fight all-breathless in the blaze of noon !
 At length the *Dane*, with a resistless blow,
 Lopt the left arm of his majestic foe ;
 Brave *Cormac* warm with life, despising pain,
 Makes a bold effort on his native plain ;
 With one swift blow he cleft fierce *Orfar's* head,
 And laid the pride of *Denmark's* army dead !
 So the red light'ning from a cloud descends,
 And the high cliff with force tremendous rends ;
 The smoaking fragments on the summit lie,
 And the loud crash ascends the echoing sky !
 Thus died proud *Orfar*, and his broken host,
 Impell'd by terror, hasten to the coast ;
 The shouting *Irish* their retreat pursue,
 And in th' Invaders' blood their hands imbrue.

The

The *Danes* their num'rous boats in haste prepare,
 Their bravest troops defend the flying rear.
 Like raging fire the *Irish* bands assail
 Their foes, and their resistless pow'rs prevail :
 Plung'd in the tide the mingling warriors fight,
 Lost to the vanquish'd *Danes* the hope of flight!
 Wounded, and fainting with the loss of blood,
 They sink, expiring, in the briny flood.
 The eager front of their pursuing foes
 The rising waves in one dark grave enclose ;
 Together they descend with hostile grasp,
 And hatred dies in their expiring gasp !
 Meantime the half-fraught boats float o'er the tide
 To where the stately ships at anchor ride ;
 The *Danes* their anchors weigh, and leave the coast,
 Where their best warriors lie in battle lost ;
 And *Erin's* Sons, victorious in the fight,
 Their voices in loud sounds of joy unite.
 Meanwhile brave *Cormac's* friends their Gen'ral bear
 To where a hawthorn waves in summer's air ;
 There, shaded from the sun, his wounds they bind,
 He rests upon a mossy bank reclin'd.
 Reviv'd---a momentary joy pervades
 His manly heart, he views the distant shades
 Beside his cot, but sees not *Ellen* there,
 Walk graceful o'er the flowery summits, fair !
 The distant shelt'ring glen his spouse conceals,
 And her fair breast the pang of sorrow feels.

Beneath

Beneath a branchy oak, beside a spring,
 While o'er her head melodious thrushes sing,
 She sits among her maids, in sad suspense,
 Whilst every sudden noise affrights her sense.
 Old *Brian* from a lofty hill surveys
 The field of battle with attentive gaze;
 With martial ardour fill'd, he sees below
 His Countrymen their enemies o'erthrow.
 Joy swells his thrilling bosom, and elate
 He sees bold Victory on *Erin* wait;
 Sees her brave Sons triumphant on the plain,
 And death e'en to their boats pursue the *Dane*.
 A nearer object next attracts his sight,
 He views a wounded warrior from the fight,
 Borne by his friends.---Now sudden fears arrest
 The glowing transports of old *Brian's* breast.
 He calls a youth "haste downward and enquire
 " His name, who seems just ready to expire:
 " Alas! I fear he is my valiant Son,
 " And that his morning race of glory's run!"
 The youth descends, the dying hero sees,
 Whose ebbing spirits sink by slow degrees.
 With frightened heart, the stripling climbs the hill,
 While from his eyes spontaneous tears distill,
 " Your doubts, unhappy *Brian*, were too true,
 " 'Tis dying *Cormac* yonder meets our view."
 The venerable Sire, with speechless woe,
 Descends to the afflicted train below;

The

The grateful soldiers, with respectful love,
 To aid the tott'ring father quickly move.
 His father's presence lights a gleam of joy
 In that pale visage death shall soon destroy,
 And *Cormac* strives to rise---alas, in vain!
 He faints, o'ercome by weakness and by pain.
 Reviv'd, old *Brian* clasp'd his conq'ring hand,
 " Oh! thou defender of our native land!"
 He cries, " for *Erin's* weal my hero dies,
 " To guard her Freedom thou didst death despise."
 ' Yes, worthy Sire,' the dying son reply'd,
 ' To serve my Country was my chiefest pride!
 ' Kind Heav'n with conquest blest'd our patriot
 ' bands,
 ' And *Denmark's* pride lies low beneath their hands;
 ' Thy presence, Father, cheers my fainting heart,
 ' But---where didst thou with my dear *Ellen* part?"
 " I left her safe," reply'd the mournful Sire.
 ' O! Heav'n for ever blest my soul's desire!
 ' May my lov'd *Ellen* happiness enjoy,
 ' And no invader *Erin's* peace destroy;
 ' May Liberty and social love prevail
 ' For ever here!---His dying accents fail;
 To scenes of peace and joy his spirit flies,
 And on the gory grass his body lies.
 Sad sounds of woe the woody hills resound,
 While his brave Friends their Leader's corse
 surround;

Of

Of verdant boughs they form a rustic bier,
 And bear him to his cot with grief sincere.
 Arriv'd, the customary rites with care
 To grace the noble warrior they prepare.
 Meantime along the shore *Ierne's* host
 See their defeated foes forsake the coast.
 The wounded to the villages they bear,
 And ease their anguish with fraternal care.
 The wearied warriors lay their arms aside
 Till nature's craving wants are satisfied ;
 Nutritious food and drink their strength restore,
 With joyful looks they view the spacious shore
 And flying foe, whose ships at distance glide
 On the soft swellings of the ev'ning tide.
 Now from their green recess the Bards appear,
 Their presence the triumphant soldiers cheer ;
 They rise respectfully, and loud acclaim
 Salutes old *Connal*, whose sweet song is fame !
 In his bright eyes the light of Genius shone,
 And now his lofty voice sings glory won !

O D E.

How silently along the shore
 The gory foes of *Erin* lie !
 Their threat'ning voices shall no more
 With foreign clamour fill the sky.

Lo!

Lo! where the vanquish'd prowlers fly
From happy *Erin's* dang'rous coast,
Daughters of *Denmark* loudly cry,
And weep your dearest lovers lost.

Around me stand the noble throng
Who *Erin's* liberty secure,
Their valour claims my grateful song
Who for our Isle such toils endure.

Ye guardians of each peaceful joy
Which rural innocence bestows,
Your valiant efforts did destroy
The pride of our invading foes.

Now may our sprightly maids again
Their native villages adorn;
And gracefully trip o'er the plain,
With faces blooming as the morn.

Again, ye glorious Heroes, hail!
Your deeds shall grace my daily song;
And the light pinions of the gale
Shall bear your fame our vales along.

He ceas'd.--The youthful Bards with pleasing skill
The echoing groves with martial music fill;
Their harps they next attune to softer strains,
And sing fair Freedom's reign on *Erin's* plains.

The

The warriors hear the song with silent joy,
 And no intrusive fears their peace annoy.
 The minstrels cease, and down the sloping dales
 The voice of sorrow vibrates in the gales.
 And lo! descending from the woody height,
 The wailing women haste with pale affright.
 The mountain-villagers with joyful love
 To meet their dearest friends with ardour move.
 Immingling with the bands the fearful fair
 Their sorrow, or their lively joy declare.
 Some clasp their heroes with a fond embrace,
 And sudden happiness illumines the face.
 While others their dear kindred's fall bewail,
 Who lie beneath the hand of slaughter pale!
 Now *Ellen* comes with her attendant maids,
 Like a bright vision from the verdant shades;
 Her raiment white, and her expressive face,
 Tho' pale with grief, displays transcendant grace.
 For *Cormac* she enquires---but silent all
 With grateful tears weep his untimely fall.
 At length old *Connal*, with a secret sigh,
 Began " Fair *Ellen*, all mankind must die;
 " Some in the dangerous path of honour tread,
 " And early mingle with the peaceful dead;
 " Whilst others find the grave by slow degrees,
 " Oppress'd with age, misfortune, and disease.
 " Thy *Cormac*, warm in Liberty's defence,
 " Repell'd our country's fell invaders hence;
 " By

" By his brave arm the *Danish* General slain,
 " Lies cold and pale on *Erin's* glorious plain.
 " Victorious *Cormac* then, with wounds oppress'd,
 " Like a tir'd lab'rer sunk to silent rest."

Dim anguish veils the lustre of her eyes---
 She faints---unconscious of her maidens' cries,
 Till nature's vital pow'r her life restores,
 Then thus impassion'd she her loss deplores :

" Life of my dearest hopes, and art thou dead!
 " Alas! my youthful happiness is fled.
 " Oh *Cormac*! *Cormac*! never will thy voice
 " With sweetest sounds of love my soul rejoice.
 " Ah! what to me my country, now he's lost?
 " Dear is the price our Liberty has cost.
 " Alas! my boding heart too plainly told
 " I ne'er again should my dear love behold,
 " Blooming in manly grace---by death destroy'd
 " Low lies my soul's desire; my bosom's pride,
 " My lost, lost husband!"--Here convulsive sighs
 Suppress'd her voice, and tears bedew'd her eyes;
 Fast flowing down the lucid drops of grief
 Afford her swelling heart a short relief.
 Then starting up with an impatient bound,
 She darts her penetrating looks around,
 And begs they'll lead her to where *Cormac*, dead,
 Lies with spring's sweetest blossoms round him
 spread.

Arriv'd, she views him pale and mangled lie,
 And not a rising tear shines in her eye.

Down

Down sinks the tender *Ellen*!---and her breath
 In sudden gasps foretells approaching death.
 From her fond heart the warm arterial blood,
 Bursts forth with sudden, suffocating flood;
 She dies——Her weeping maids behold her fall,
 But no kind aid her spirit can recall.
 Beside her husband plac'd, her body lies ;
 And mournful friends attend their obsequies.
 Now evening's solemn twilight ushers night,
 And darkness overwhelms the fading light.
 The martial Bands, fatigu'd, retire to rest,
 With Victory, and Peace, and Freedom blest'd !
 The field of battle, strew'd with mangled slain,
 Exhibits now a melancholy train ;
 In groups the women search for slaughter'd friends,
 The feeble star-light small assistance lends ;
 But soon fair Cynthia, rising o'er the main,
 Pours light o'er all the mountains, vales, and plain,
 Then some who find their friends, in sad despair,
 Fill with terrific cries the gusty air ;
 The rising gales sigh in the waving grove,
 And gliding clouds conceal the moon above ;
 Oft through the parting gloom the lunar light,
 Gives all the various objects to the sight,
 And shews the women weeping o'er the dead,
 Where the fresh verdure is with gore o'erspread.
 All night they mourn, till chearful morn removes
 Dull darkness, and displays the vernal groves.

The warriors summon'd by the martial horn,
 March to the field, where wet with dews of morn,
 Stiff, ghastly, pale, and horrid to the eye,
 The slain in wide promiscuous ruin lie!
 Commanded by their chiefs, the bands with care,
 Now to the grave the mangled bodies bear.
 The *Danes* they bury in the gory plain,
 And no memorials of their name remain.
 In a deep trench they lay their native dead,
 Who nobly for their country's Freedom bled;
 And o'er the grave, a lofty trophy rear,
 Which shall their fame to future times declare.
 The Bards attend to grace their obsequies,
 Meantime their friends with mingled tears and sighs,
 Bear *Cormac* and fair *Ellen* to the tomb,
 Where on a hill, unfading laurels bloom!
 There *Connal* goes with sadly-solemn pace,
 While tears bedew his venerable face!
 Descending o'er his hoary beard they shine,
 The offspring of his feeling heart benign!
 With plaintive melody, above their grave
 He stands, and mourns the beautiful, and brave.

DIRGE.

Together in this earthy tomb,
 In prime of life, and beauty's bloom;
 Brave *Cormac* and his *Ellen* dead,
 Lie with the grassy turf o'erspread.

Alas!

Alas ! no more his voice shall warm,
 Our youth to brave war's iron storm !
 No more shall *Ellen* grace the grove,
 Sacred to friendship, peace, and love,

Below in yonder trophied plain,
 Lie *Erin's* sons, in battle slain ;
 With life they purchas'd victory,
 And left their native Island free.
 Dear honor'd heroes !---lost in fight,
 Behold us from the climes of light !
 Our tutelary spirits be,
 And shield *Ierne's* Liberty !

Ambitious *Denmark* !---scourge of earth !
 Thy soil gives cruel spoilers birth,---
 Where'er they come destructive death,
 Blasts blooming youth, with baleful breath,
 But lately yonder summits rung,
 With strains of love, by *Ellen* sung ;
 Now lost in silence ! and her charms
 No more her *Cormac's* bosom warms,

Alas ! how many maids shall mourn,
 Their lovers, who will ne'er return !
 And widows shall with tearful eyes,
 Express their grief with plaintive cries,
 Ah ! see where *Brian* wrapt in woe,
 Beneath yon oak, feels sorrow's throe !

The hope and glory of his age,
Was lost amid the battle's rage !

Adieu ! unconscious dust adieu !
Our tears shall often flow for you ;
And oft the sorrow-breathing strain,
Shall of your sudden death complain.
Your lov'd remembrance ne'er shall die,
While yonder sun illumines the sky ;
For you the Bards, in future days,
Will chaunt traditionary lays.

Responsive to his voice, the Bards around,
With their sweet harps make woods and rocks
resound ;

On the soft breeze the mellow music flies,
And mingling sounds melt in the distant skies.
Now, venerable *Connal* on a height,
Stands forth conspicuous to the army's fight ;
Which stands arrang'd in ranks, and all attend
To the wise counsel of their faithful friend.

" My Countrymen !" the hoary Bard began,
" I see our fame ascend like rising dawn ;
" I see progressive arts our Island grace,
" And population, wealth, and joy increase.
" Our Liberty's secur'd by native might,
" Which put our sanguine enemies to flight ;
" Now, in fraternal love, our rising youth
" Shall live, and flourish in the smiles of truth ;

“ But

“ But if ambition prompts a brother's mind,
 “ To violate the rights of humankind ;
 “ Let love of Liberty, and public zeal,
 “ Doom growing tyranny your wrath to feel.
 “ Still let the sapient sages, white with years,
 “ Direct your councils, dry the widow's tears ;
 “ Preserve the orphan to his country dear !
 “ And by wise laws, bid justice flourish here.
 “ Oft let your hardy youth, their weaponswield,
 “ To arms accustom'd in the peaceful field ;
 “ Then when the stormy horns of war shall sound,
 “ They'll pant to be like you, with laurels crown'd ;
 “ And still preserve their native country free,
 “ Thus nurtur'd in the love of Liberty.
 “ Now to your homes, our *Erin's* guardians, go,
 “ And pleasure to your pensive friends bestow !
 “ Again you shall behold your women's charms,
 “ Preserv'd unblemish'd, by your conq'ring arms !
 “ Your patrimony by your risk secur'd,
 “ Shall yield you earth's refreshing fruits matur' d.
 “ Your flocks and kine the verdant hills shall graze,
 “ And rip'ning corn reflect the solar rays ;
 “ Again the shepherd's pipe with simple strain
 “ Shall with the melody of love complain ;
 “ Or breathing sprightly airs the heart rejoice,
 “ While blooming maids respond with dulcet
 voice !
 “ Adieu ye chiefs ! adieu each noble band !
 “ Ye brave defenders of our happy land.

“ Thus

“ Thus join'd in love, our foreign foes in vain,
“ Shall with their hostile thousands load the main.
“ 'Tis concord gives you pow'r, the torrent's force,
“ With feeble effort murmurs near its source ;
“ But join'd by many streams adown the steep,
“ It rolls impetuous with resistless sweep !
“ Still, when your foes invade, like brethren join,
“ Then shall the light of glory on you shine ;
“ And *Erin* blooming 'mid the wavy sea,
“ Shall be for ever safe, for ever free.”

He ceas'd—and joyful shouts of loud acclaim,
Triumphant rise, and swell with *Erin's* name.
The happy conquerors return'd again
To cultivate the fertile hill and plain ;
Where, cheer'd by health, of social love possess'd,
They flourish'd with the smiles of Freedom bless'd.

INDEPENDENCE ;

AN ODE.

Let slaves and flatt'ers stoop and bow;
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner power
Than that which form'd it free!

WATTS.

'TIS INDEPENDENCE dignifies
With virtue the aspiring mind ;
Then Fancy can triumphant rise
To views of knowledge unconfin'd.
Unaw'd by Pow'r, with Contemplation's aid,
The free-born mortal in the studious shade
To heights of wisdom and of science soars ;
Or, mingling with the busy social throng,
Defends the rights that to mankind belong,
And his lov'd country's rising weal explores.

The nation where the genial smile
Of Independence beams, shall rise
Above the pow'r of foreign guile,
And Liberty's lov'd presence prize.
But ah! when overpower'd a nation pines,
No longer Freedom's blisful lustre shines
Envelop'd by dull Despotism's gloom ;
Such thy sad state, degraded POLAND ! now
Gigantic Tyranny with lofty brow,
Stalks o'er thy fertile fields, and blasts their bloom.
How

How pleasant 'tis to live retir'd,
 And cultivate the tuneful art,
 By the benignant Muse inspir'd,
 To breathe the strain that warms the heart !
 To ramble unconfin'd as light or air,
 Where the fresh green displays its flow'rets fair,
 And from its mossy stem to pluck the rose ;
 To swim the lucid lake, or wavy tide,
 When summer's gorgeous bloom in full-blown
 pride,
 With light and heat's refulgent glory glows.

Dear Independence! o'er my head
 Thy soul-ennobling arm extend,
 And, 'till I mingle with the dead,
 Thy ardent votary befriend !
 Thy aid is all I ask ; of Fortune's store,
 Just what's sufficient give—I need no more ;
 And frugal competency will suffice ;
 A richer treasure than the purest gold,
 Bright Science to my reason can unfold—
 'Tis intellectual wealth alone I prize.

LOVE;

(41)

L O V E ;

A N O D E.

O! what delightful sounds are those
That tremble in the ev'ning air;
While rising from the pink and rose,
The mingling scents refreshment bear.

'Tis Beauty's voice, attun'd by Love,
That breathes the soul-impassion'd strain:
Pure passion! sent from Heav'n above
To mitigate our varied pain.

Without the zest of sweet desire
How tasteless would existence be!
Love can the highest joy inspire,
And give the soul felicity.

When the young virgin's beauteous eyes
Their keen, electric fire impart,
We feel the soft emotion rise,
And swell to rapture in the heart.

The

The graceful form, the blooming face,
The bosom ripe in perfect charms;
Each gesture harmoniz'd by grace,
Each smile that animates and warms.

Light tresses, that in circlets play
Luxuriant o'er the shoulders fair,
True beauty to the heart convey,
And Love portrays her image there.

Should pride o'er sympathy prevail;
The lovely idol prove unkind;
Then sorrow's keenest darts assail,
And overcome the manly mind.

Disconsolate—involv'd in woe
The tender votary retires;
And, lost to every joy below,
A victim to his love, expires.

But, when congenial spirits meet,
Oh! how delicious, happy love!
The soft-breath'd vows, how soothing sweet,
When whisper'd in the secret grove.

When the light breeze of ev'ning strays
O'er all the landscape's varied scene,
And Nature her rich charms displays
In rural elegance serene.

Oh!

Oh! how delightful to attend
The charming mistress of the heart,
And with gay converse meekly blend
Fond language, never known to art!

Whether along the winding fide
Of the clear rivulet we stray,
Or climb the hill, to view the pride
Of ev'ning's glory fade away.

An Eden still shall bless our eyes,
Embellish'd by creative Love!
'Tis Love creation beautifies,
In Earth below and Heav'n above!

ODE TO SPRING.

WELCOME to our longing fight,
 Lovely SPRING!—with true delight
 We behold thy blisful charms,
 Which the coldest bosom warms.
 Soft'ning breezes, length'ning days,
 Vivid lights, more glorious rays ;
 Rising verdure, beauteous flow'rs,
 Op'ning in the meads, and bow'rs.
 SPRING! those pleasing gifts are thine !
 Now the fields with daisies shine ;
 Now the mossy banks display
 Violets blooming in the day ;
 Primroses, and cowslips sweet,
 Flourish in each green retreat.
 See! for thee the wild-rose blooms,
 Honeyuckles breathe perfumes ;
 And the pure, refreshing air,
 Fans thy youthful bosom fair.
 At thy pow'rful smile, the maid,
 Sighing in the grove's green shade,
 Feels Love's soft emotions swell
 Her fond heart, where virtues dwell :

While

While her dear, attentive swain,
Pines with sympathetic pain !
O'er the plains, the hills, and vales,
Thy Elyfian fmile prevails ;
And the lambs, with sportive bound,
Frolic o'er the flow'ry ground.
Nature's faireft child benign,
Sent by Providence Divine !
Welcome ! welcome ! to our eyes,
With thy train of Loves and Joys !

ELEGY TO PEACE.

FROM the bright regions of eternal joy
Thou friend of man, delightful PEACE, descend!
Then shall ferocious War no more destroy,
But nations into lasting friendship blend.

Ah! hear afflicted Nature's plaintive cries,
Who mourns the miseries her children feel:
Let thy lov'd presence cheer her bright'ning eyes,
And sheath for ever Death's destructive steel,

Suppress vindictive wrath, and tyrant pride,
Those worst of fiends that haunt the human mind;
With olive sceptre o'er the world preside,
And real Freedom give to all mankind.

Then shall the drum unbrac'd and silent lie,
And deathful arms in fable rust decay:
The bolt of war no more shall hissing fly,
No more sulphureous smoke obscure the day.

No

No more shall bombs burst with explosive roar,
 And with fierce flames the wealthy towns devour;
 No more the hind his wasted farm deplore,
 Nor ghastly Famine o'er the landscape low'r.

The Arts and Sciences, oh! gracious PEACE!
 Shall flourish, blest with thy inspiring smile;
 Wisdom and truth shall o'er the world increase,
 And PUBLIC ZEAL take place of selfish guile.

Beneath thy guidance shall the hand of toil
 With Agriculture's treasures fill the land;
 Rapine no more shall Nature's charms despoil,
 Nor men expire at Tyranny's command.

Then Justice shall her guardian arm extend,
 And equal laws preserve each social right;
 And Piety from highest Heav'n descend,
 To guide the human race to endless light.

Come, blissful PEACE! our wishes realize,
 And over harrafs'd *Europe* joy dispense;
 O come! and with one glance of thy bright eyes,
 Chace all the Demons of Destruction hence.

ELEGY TO MARIA.

COME, dear MARIA, mistress of my heart!
And let us Spring's increasing beauties trace;
But all her scented tints can ne'er impart
Such pleasure as thy health-illumin'd face.

My dearest love! thy blush of rosy hue,
Thy timid glance, and modest downcast eyes,
Appear more lovely to my raptur'd view
Than Spring's soft smile that Nature beautifies,

So Venus blush'd, emerging from the main,
When her enchanting graces rose to light;
So looks Aurora o'er the dewy plain,
When her effulgence triumphs over night.

I love to chaunt my youthful charmer's praise,
Press thy soft hand, and hear thy dulcet voice;
I love on thy delightful face to gaze,
While thy sweet blandishments my heart rejoice.
Come,

Come, with the bloom of Hebe in thy cheek,
Thy light-brown hair, and eyes of mildest blue!
Come, lightly range the breezy mead, and seek
The freshest flow'rets gemm'd with purest dew.

If aught on earth my soul could idolize,
To THEE I would implicit homage pay;
To THEE—whose smiles my fancy oft surprise
With transient glimpses of celestial day.

But Reason, conscious that those charms must fade,
Bids my fond heart its ardent zeal repress;
And whispers "Woo and win the charming maid,
" Whose virtues shall thy social moments bless."

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN RAVENSDALE PARK*.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells in my heart, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

HAIL, native shades! where in my youthful hours,
With guiltless gaiety and health serene,
I found pure pleasure in your sheltering bow'rs,
When summer's sunshine gilt the beauteous scene.

When love's soft feelings warm'd my youthful
breast,
Oft thro' thy scented walks, dear *Ravensdale*!
I've rambled, with MARIA's converse blest,
When Nature's sylvan music fill'd the gale.

* A beautifully picturesque woody valley and mountain-side, near the Village where the Author was born, in the County of *Louth*, and Province of *Leinster*, IRELAND.

How sweet ! to hear my love's impassion'd voice,
By echo gently whisper'd from the shade!
How fair her form ! my heart's selected choice,
In the white robe of innocence array'd!

Now low she lies in the oblivious grave,
While here the lovely bow'ry scenes remain;
Thus time and death our comforts oft bereave,
And render earthly expectations vain.

Hark ! how the dove, with wild melodious tone,
Breathes tender plaints in the responding grove :
Thus would my soul my darling's loss bemoan,
While from my eyes descend the tears of love!

Adieu ! ye solitary shades, adieu !
Ireland's green laurel creeps along the ground
In your dark maze ; and where the mofs-rose grew,
The nightshade and unpleasant fern abound.

Yet may your laurels, glist'ning in the light,
Crown *Ireland's* sons ; your bow'rs may yet contain
True lovers who shall here their hands unite ;
Then shall my mournful Muse no more complain.

SEDUCTION;

AN ELEGY.

LIKE some sweet rose by blighting winds assail'd,
Unhappy NANCY's living beauties fade ;
Her treach'rous lover o'er her heart prevail'd,
His wiles her virgin innocence betray'd.

Retir'd she sits, absorb'd in speechless woe,
While lucid tears inflame her aching eyes ;
Down her pale cheek the drops of sorrow flow
On her white bosom swell'd with mis'ry's sighs,

Alas! how chang'd!—the artless smile of joy
Diffus'd its lustre o'er her charming face ;
Her dulcet voice was tun'd by melody,
Her perfect form was deck'd by every grace,

With meek Content she pass'd the tranquil days,
And Modesty her gentle bosom sway'd,
When first she heard her selfish lover's praise,
And felt soft Passion's pow'r her mind invade.

Then

Then Love's seductive voice, with pleasing art,
Charm'd the sweet girl o'er Pleasure's flow'ry
way;

But now—dishonour'd and despis'd—her heart
'Mid Sorrow's darkness finds no cheering ray.

Ah! why so credulous, ye lovely sex!

Why will you graceless Libertines approve?
Ev'n join'd in wedlock, they your hearts will vex,
Those sensualists are too deprav'd to love.

By this criterion prove the man sincere—

Unblemish'd candour dignifies his mind:
True love is modest, artless, prone to fear;
Affected love—bold, witty, and refin'd.

HOLMSDALE*.

WHILE morning's chearful smile illumines the skies,
 And Nature's richest scen'ry beautifies,
 Along the hills of CHEV'NING† let us stray,
 And HOLMSDALE's fair variety pourtray.
 South-west, the vallies in soft windings blend,
 And yonder westward, sloping hills ascend;
 There, intermingled groves, and rip'ning corn,
 Reflect in various hues the light of morn.
 Along the beauteous vale fair villas shine,
 And architecture's graceful forms combine
 With Nature's lovelier charms: the tufted trees,
 And sunny lawns, that scent the vital breeze;
 Where light and shade in pleasing contrast give
 The landscape's traits distinct, and bid them live!
 Far eastward this delightful scene extends,
 Till sinking from the view the prospect ends.
 See northward, o'er the vale high hills arise,
 Along their cultur'd sides the reaper plies
 His shining sickle, or the shock uprears,
 While age and infancy, with prying cares,
 Behind him bending, glean the scatter'd grain,
 Nor are their economic labours vain.

* A beautiful valley in Kent.

† The residence of Earl STANHOPE.

Now nearer rural beauties please our sight,
Where CHEV'NING's verdant bow'rs swell in the
light;

The lofty villa just below us shines,
Ionic delicacy firm combines
The noble pile;—in front a winding vale
Displays its copses waving in the gale;
Enbosom'd by high hills, that northward tow'r,
Where various trees form many a sylvan bow'r.
Before the southern front, with wavy blaze,
A clear canal reflects the morning rays!
Along its banks a level lawn extends,
And in a branchy grove the prospect ends.
O! richly pict'resque view! with true delight,
While I behold it from this woody height,
I feel impatient thither to descend,
Where sweetest shrubs and flow'rs their odours
blend.

There purest air along the vistas strays,
And shady groves exclude warm autumn's rays;
There STANHOPE rules, with patriarchal love,
While all with grateful hearts obedient move.
Thus circling planets round the central sun,
With smoothest order, in their orbits run.
Long may he live! belov'd and honor'd here,
Enjoying pleasures permanent, sincere;
The friend of Freedom, and each useful Art,
That can new happiness to man impart.
Long live the Patriot! honor'd and belov'd,
Sustain'd by Virtue, and by Truth approv'd.

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